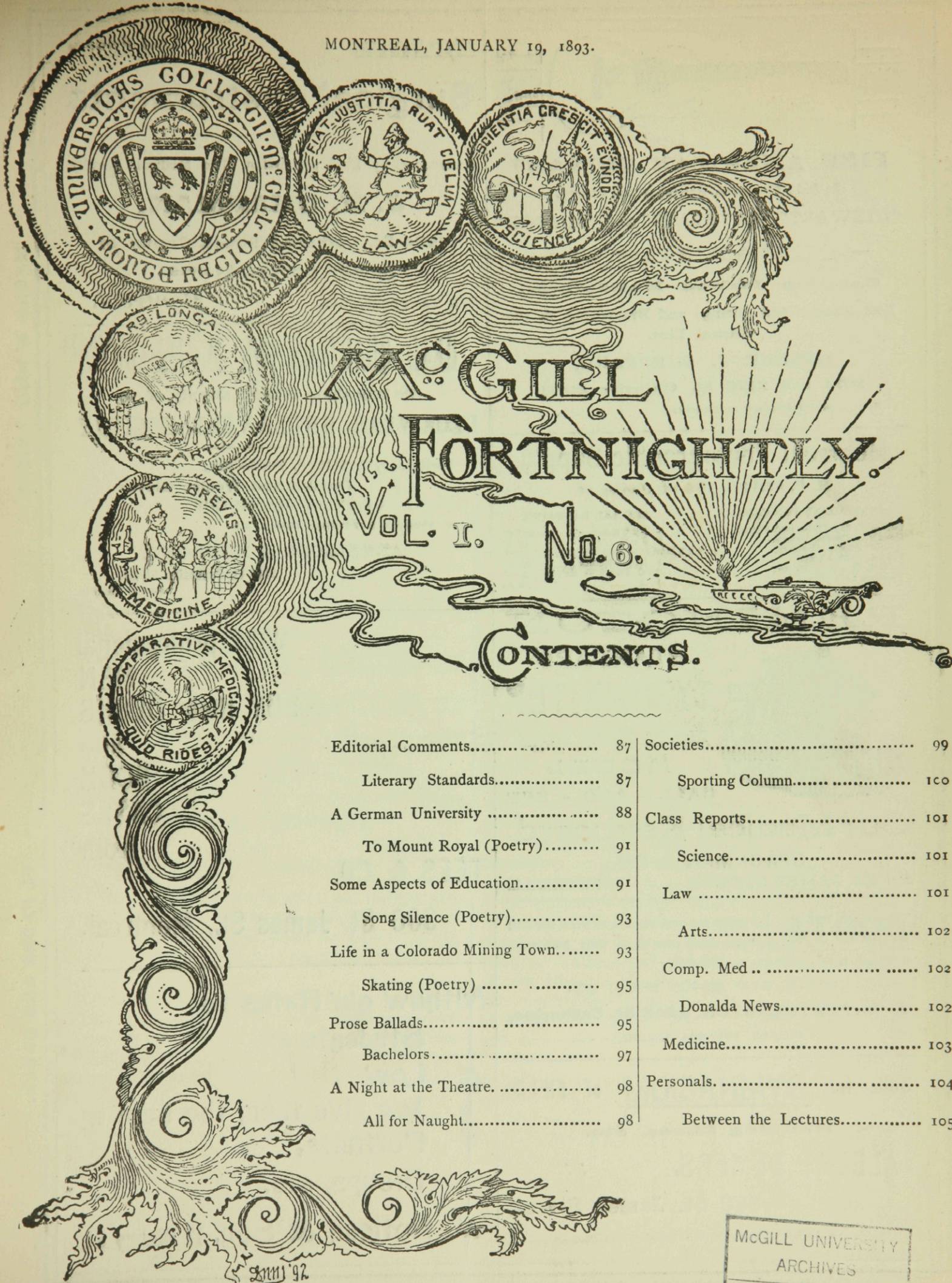
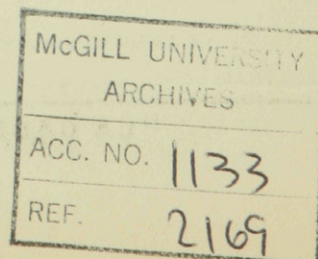


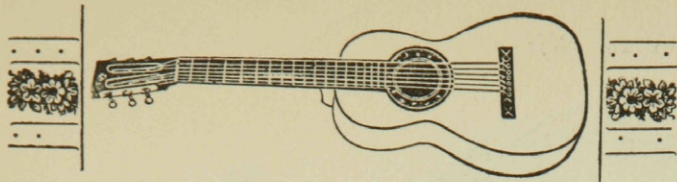
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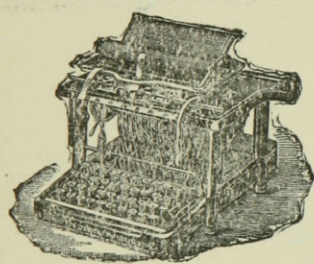
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MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY.

A Fortnightly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Event.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 19, 1893.

No. 6

McGill Fortnightly.

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The MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY is published by the Students of the University on the Thursday of every second week during the College Session in the University of McGill.

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The name of the writer must always accompany a communication.

Address Contributions to Editor-in-Chief, P.O. Box 37.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

LITERARY STANDARDS.

We offer to our readers in this issue the first of a series of articles on the leading Universities of both the old world and the new, which we hope to publish successively in the numbers of the FORTNIGHTLY yet to appear.

The different gentlemen who have been approached by the editors on the subject have kindly expressed their willingness to contribute to this series, which thus promises to be both entertaining and instructive, and the articles as contributed will be based largely if not altogether on the writer's personal experience at the various educational institutions which they describe.

The articles themselves, as will appear on perusal, are of a comparative as well as of a descriptive nature, and the teaching methods of the various universities in their different Faculties will be carefully compared with our own, in so far as the natural differences of country and foundation will permit. McGill is indeed fortunate in having representatives of these famous foreign universities as members of her teaching staff, many of whom have, in addition to their outside qualifications, laid the foundations of their subsequently

attained specialized knowledge in the halls of our own university, and under the able tuition of those who still so competently fill the positions they have long upheld.

As contributions to the FORTNIGHTLY, these articles are also possessed of the highest value, as they must naturally tend to raise the literary standard of our journal, and this elevation is one of the things that all having the best interests of the University at heart must welcome as adding to the importance and influence of the paper, not alone in the immediate college world where it circulates most largely, but also in other educational centres where it finds its way as an exchange.

The editors sincerely hope that their efforts in this direction will be appreciated by the University men in general, and that their enthusiasm for College journalism will increase as the literary worth of the contributions becomes more pronounced. We in McGill are now in a position to rise above the mere chronicling of the happening of local events, coupled with trivial personals; and although this department should certainly not be neglected, but on the contrary should be cleverly and properly represented, still, the main portion of this, as of every other paper that aspires to any definite degree of importance in its own proper sphere, should in our opinion be devoted to the publication of articles of a sufficiently great literary merit to justify to the outside world, who may care to interest themselves in such matters, the undoubtedly high opinion which they already hold of the general culture and attainments of the students of this great educational institution of the Canadian metropolis. The work of contribution and selection certainly requires the expenditure of a great deal of both time and care; but when we see what has already been accomplished by our sister universities—or, as politicians may dictate, *cousin* universities—across the border line, notably in Harvard, with whose journals and journalists we have come into personal contact, there seems no justifiable reason why such excellence should not at least be attempted by the students of our own Canadian universities.

This long dissertation may appear to be put in an over-serious strain, and yet surely the thought has long ere this occurred to many others interested. As has been said before, the work of a college is in a large measure judged by its press, and if this be truly the case, then all elevation of standard, every advance toward literary excellence must be favorably regarded as approaching that position of general efficiency and importance which we all must heartily desire and which each should do his utmost to heighten and foster.

CONCERTS.

The Banjo Club's concert, on Friday the 20th inst., will be an innovation for McGill in more ways than one. Not only is it the first time that a McGill Banjo Club has called for the support of fellow-students and city friends in so large an undertaking, but also are we now first afforded an opportunity to show our hospitality and good fellowship to delegates from a sister university in the United States. There will be thirty or more in the party from the University of Vermont, who furnish half the programme on Friday evening, and they will be entitled to judge of Canadian universities and Canadian hospitality by the reception they receive at the hands of McGill, so the Banjo Club hopes that the Faculties will all turn out in force to give them a genuine Canadian welcome.

The programme, which came out at the beginning of the week, shows a most attractive list of items, comprising solos, duetts, glees and concerted instrumental music to be rendered by the Vermont and McGill men in turn; and it promises a pleasant evening's enjoyment to all who attend the concert at the Windsor Hall, on Friday evening.

Our sister university of Bishop's College has resolved to enter the college world of journalism with the advent of the new year, and our editor has been communicated with by Mr. A. Henry Moore of that institution with the purpose of obtaining information as to a certain amount of the detail connected with the running of a college paper, a knowledge of which is most necessary to the proper inception of such an effort, and the detail of which is only to be obtained by a large amount of that process known as "rubbing elbows with old Dame Experience." We have gladly given this information to the best of our ability, and hope that our worthy friends will not be deterred from carrying out their projected enterprise by the apparent difficulties which may at first seem insurmountable.

We in McGill can perhaps be but considered as again at the "experimental stage;" but still we confidently hope and have reason to expect that our stability has been firmly established.

Good luck, Bishops, in this (as far as we are aware) your first really important journalistic enterprise. You have our sympathy and, if necessary, our support in all your endeavors; and should the paper become as the politicians say—a *real live issue*,—kindly accept the FORTNIGHTLY as one of your home list of exchanges.

The winter months succeed each other in rapid succession; Christmas examinations are things of the past, and the sessional troubles are still events of the future, so that the energy of the University should and undoubtedly does direct itself into the channels of out door sport and in-door recreation. In this connection we would claim the attention of all to the opportunities which are afforded by the Athletic Club House, at the back of the mountain, where in the past so many delightful evenings have been spent by the men of the University. Science leads the van, and is,

we believe, to have a steeple-chase with this old snow-shoers, retreat as a *rendez vous*. Well done, Science! A move in the right direction! Some winters ago the opportunity to take full advantage of membership to this hospitable institution was given us by the kindness and thought of private individuals. This year arrangements can surely be made by the Students to procure for themselves the advantages which such membership affords, and a repetition of the jolly evenings which some of us remember will probably be enjoyed by numbers of the newer members of the different Faculties who have not as yet enjoyed the pleasures which the Montreal Athletic Club House offers to those who care to pay it a visit.

A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

HEIDELBERG.

Volumes might be written and have been written on the great universities of Germany, which though by no means free from faults, have so many and great excellencies that year after year they continue to attract to them great numbers of students from all parts of the civilized world.

The task of presenting a general review of these excellencies and defects I shall have to leave to another, and endeavor here to confine my remarks more particularly to one of these great seats of learning—the University of Heidelberg.

Heidelberg may be considered as a typical German University—not so large as Berlin or Munich on the one hand, with 8,340 or 3,350 students respectively, nor so small as Jena or Freiburg on the other, with only 610 and 585 respectively—it had last summer 1,076 students with a teaching staff of 120. Like most of the twenty-one German Universities, Heidelberg has five faculties—Theology (Protestant), Law, Medicine, Philosophy and the faculty of Natural Science and Mathematics. Of the total number of students last summer 73 were studying theology, about 250 were matriculated in the faculty of Law, and an equal number in Medicine, while the rest were attending lectures in the faculties of Philosophy, Natural Science and Mathematics.

Situated in the northern portion of the Grand Duchy of Baden, where the beautiful little Neckar, after winding its way through the romantic forests of the mountainous district known as the Odenwald, suddenly enters the wide and fruitful plain constituting the valley of the Rhine, encircled in part by the precipitous cliff lying on either side of the Neckar, but in recent years commencing to spread out into the Rhine valley, surrounded on all sides by verdure, the heights above the city crowned by the castle, one of the most imposing and magnificent ruins in all Europe, Heidelberg in summer can compare in beauty with any spot in the whole world. The town is also of great historic interest. It was formerly the seat of the Electors of the Palatinate, and the emblem of the Palatinate, the lion, is still to be seen surmounting the fountain in the University Square. To Englishmen it has the further interest that one of these electors, Frederick V, married Elizabeth daughter of James I of England,

while the prominent part which he played in the 'Thirty-Years' war led to the repeated pillage and destruction of the town.

Although a small town of only 32,000 inhabitants, it is wealthy as compared with most German towns of its size, and is now a great resort of people of fashion and of tourists innumerable. The university is a state institution belonging to the Grand Duchy of Baden, and is the oldest university in Germany, having recently celebrated its 500th anniversary. It is moreover the fashionable University, and most of the elegant young gentlemen who enter on an academic course in Germany endeavor to study (?) at least one term in Heidelberg. Here the distinctive student life is perhaps best seen. The students belonging to the various *Corps* and *Verbundungen* are seen everywhere, with their hats of brilliant colors and diverse shapes. Here also are duels in abundance, and the best beer without stint, to those who wish them.

The same general arrangements and methods are found in all the Universities of Germany, so that what may be said of one of them refers with some few modifications to all.

A student from any English-speaking country, on first going to a German University, will be impressed by the fact that it is scarcely possible for two institutions of learning to differ from one another more than a German, and an English or an American University. In one point this difference would be less noticed by a student from McGill, seeing that neither at McGill nor in Germany do the students reside in college buildings, and in neither case do the University authorities undertake to make themselves responsible for the student's behavior when not in College. In Germany, however, if the student goes so far as to make an actual disturbance or in any way break the law of the land, the University police escort him to the University jail, where he languishes (?) till such time as the University judge deems him "to have truly repented his former naughty life."

The English-speaking student will find that there is no matriculation examination, no division into "years," no compulsory attendance, no regular courses laid down, no stated times for examination,—in fact, no examinations at all except the great and final one at the conclusion of his course of study.

He will also find that no more money than is absolutely necessary is spent on buildings, while very large amounts are spent in equipment and in securing the services of the most able teachers. In this way old buildings, which though not particularly convenient will nevertheless serve the purposes of the University, are often secured, and new buildings when erected are scattered about in different parts of the town, often a considerable distance apart; thus the University buildings have not the imposing appearance often presented by those of seats of learning elsewhere.

This is one of the points which serve to explain why the small Universities of Germany, with but limited means at their command, outstrip so many of the more wealthy and more advantageously situated universities of other countries.

Another fact which always impresses a foreigner is the continuous movement of students from one University to another. All the Universities are practically on the same level of scholarship, the larger differing from the smaller in having a greater number of teachers rather than more eminent ones. Hence students having once matriculated anywhere may pass from one University to another, spending one or more terms in each and thus get the best that each can afford. A German student rarely spends his whole time at any one University. He frequently matriculates at one and graduates at another.

This also has a remarkably stimulating influence on the professors of the Universities, for if any one of them becomes careless or "fossilized," his students desert him for someone else, and as this leads to a marked diminution in his income he endeavors by all the means in his power to avoid such a contingency. In this way a state of affairs which often amounts to a perfect curse in other Universities is in a great measure guarded against.

Let us suppose a student having reached Heidelberg, and secured his rooms, wishes to enter the University. He first goes to the office of the University and deposits his papers.

If he be a German student he must present a certificate that he has passed his final examination in a "Gymnasium" or "Realschule," which correspond to our High Schools, but which carry the student much further. Such an examination would be at least equivalent to that of our intermediate examination in Arts, and every German student must thus have a good general education before he enters the University at all.

If the student be a foreigner, he presents his Passport and Bachelor's Diploma. The latter is not absolutely necessary for entrance, but the requirements are strict if the student wishes subsequently to proceed to a degree.

Having deposited these with his fee, the student is notified that he must present himself before the Prorector at a certain time, when his papers are examined, and if found satisfactory he signs the University register and has given to him two most important documents: first, a *Legitimations Karte*; and second, an *Anmeldungsbuch*.

The former is a card somewhat larger than a visiting card, bearing the arms of the University, and on which he has been required to write his name. On the reverse are a series of printed instructions, the most important of which is that he must always carry this card on his person and produce it whenever it is demanded by the town or university police. It serves to identify him, and the University, having an independent jurisdiction of its own, secures him against all municipal arrest, and marks him as a citizen of the University. Having this card in his pocket our student may cheerfully proceed to celebrate his matriculation, knowing that in event of any undue hilarity the municipal police will merely demand his card, which they will hand to the University authorities with their report, and in the course of the next few days he will

be informed by one of the University *Pedelle* that he has been tried and condemned by the University authorities to pay a fine of one or two marks (twenty-five or fifty cents), or to go to the University jail for a certain number of days.

Most students try to get put in the jail for a day or two, it being a charming relic of mediæval times, and it is always a critical matter to decide just what offence should be committed to avoid a mere fine on the one hand and an unduly prolonged period of imprisonment on the other. An English acquaintance of mine, after much consideration, believed that he had devised a proper course, and walking down the Aantshasse one night hammered violently on a great iron shutter with a heavy stick. So far his plan was excellent, but when the policeman came to inquire into his reasons for this remarkable proceeding, he committed the further offence of requesting him politely to convey himself to a place which shall be nameless, in consequence of which proceeding he found himself obliged to spend the greater part of the following week in the *arcer*, and thus made a much more thorough acquaintance with that institution than he had desired to do.

To return, however, from this digression, the student would also have presented to him an *anmeldungsbuch*. This is about the size of an ordinary copy book, and contains about half a dozen pages, one for each semester, in which all the lectures he hears and the demonstrations, etc., which he attends are entered and certified to. It is necessitated by the custom mentioned above, of the students dividing their course among several universities. It shows at once where the student has been and how he has employed his time during each semester of his course.

He next goes to a bookseller and purchases a copy of the little pamphlet published by each university every term, in which a complete list of all the courses of lectures, etc., to be delivered during the term are given, as well as hours at which they will be delivered, and from this selects those he wishes to attend.

In order to give an idea of the number and variety of these courses it may be stated, that during the past semester at Heidelberg the following number were advertised in the several faculties:—

Theology.....	33
Law.....	38
Medicine.....	66
Philosophy.....	79
Natural Science and Mathematics.....	64

Some of these are comparatively elementary introductory courses, while others are of the most advanced character, giving the most recent results of the most modern investigations, often carried out by the lecturer himself. Some of them occupy only one hour a week, while others occupy an hour or even more daily. As an example of the thoroughness with which a subject is sometimes treated, it may be mentioned that last semester in Heidelberg, Rosenbusch lectured seven hours a week on Petrography, a single branch of Geology, and was even then obliged to curtail his treatment of portions of the subject. Having selected one or several courses of lec-

tures, the student waits on the several professors, and has them make the required entries in his *anmeldungsbuch* which he then takes to the Treasurer of the university and pays his fees, which vary with the number of courses taken, but are always moderate. He then enters regularly on his work. The style of the lectures of course vary in the case of the several lecturers, but as a rule they are delivered much more rapidly than is customary with us. It is by no means unusual for Butscheli, when lecturing on comparative anatomy, to speak so rapidly that he is obliged to pause at times to take breath. Woe to the student in such cases who has not a sufficient knowledge of German to write it fluently. It is impossible for him to take full notes in English, as no one can translate mentally with sufficient rapidity and accuracy to accomplish this. The lectures are however always well illustrated by an abundance of drawings, maps, specimens, etc. Lectures commence at 7 a. m. and close at 8 p. m. The celebrated Bunsen, when Professor of Chemistry at Heidelberg, always lectured from 7 till 8 a. m. In the faculties of Natural Science and Medicine the formal lectures are delivered as much as possible in the early part of the morning and the latter part of the afternoon, so as to leave the day clear for work in the Laboratory or Hospital, which effects great economy of time.

Much might be added did space permit concerning many peculiarities in connection with the lectures which are always delivered with a certain state, such a thing as a disturbance of any kind in a class-room being unknown, almost unimaginable in a German university. The academical year, unlike ours, is divided into two approximately equal terms or *Semesters*, a summer and a winter one. The former commences about the end of April and lasts till the early part of August, while the latter begins towards the close of October and lasts till March.

The student remains about three years at the University, but if not diligent may require a much longer time to qualify himself for his degree. One student at Heidelberg used to be known as *Der Ewige* or the Everlasting, having spent no less than seventeen semesters at the University. Such cases, however, present a remarkable example of the working of the Emersonian Law of compensation, for according to the Beer Code, the "oldest" student takes precedence of all others in "*Kneips*" as similar convivial gatherings, which, constituting as they do a not inconsiderable portion of student life, confers on the gentleman in question a sort of regal state.

Examinations take place only at the close of the students' studies. One degree is granted in each faculty, that of Doctor. In order to obtain this, the student must first submit a lengthy thesis on some subject connected with the branch of learning to which his studies have been more especially directed. This must embody the results of his own research, generally carried out under the Professor's immediate supervision, and must afford proof that he can carry out independent and original research in his own subject at least. Success in a German university is at every step based on man's original research.

The thesis having been found satisfactory the student is admitted to examination. This may be held at the beginning, middle or end of a term, and covers three distinct subjects to which the student has devoted his attention while in the university. The examination is always *viva voce*, and lasts at least two hours. It is held by the several Professors in the presence of the Dean of the Faculty, and is also conducted with much ceremony. If successful in this also, the candidate receives his degree. Of this there are four distinct grades known respectively as:—

Summa cum laude.

Magna cum laude.

Cum laude.

Rite.

The highest is very seldom taken, the second is considered very good, while the Germans have a saying that he who takes the lowest proves thereby that he is an ass.

From what has been said it will be seen that a German University is what we would call a Post Graduate institution. It does not occupy the same position as the Universities elsewhere. It aims at giving special and advanced instruction in a few subjects to a student who has already laid down a good foundation of knowledge. None of the practical applications of science are taught, these being regarded as belonging to the domain of the technical school; a foreigner can therefore study with profit in Germany only after he has completed a regular course on one of the universities or colleges in his native land.

FRANK D. ADAMS.

TO MOUNT ROYAL.

Fair mount,

Thou art but one small wrinkle on earth's brow
And yet I love thee and admire thee too.
I love thee for the beauties thou dost bear
Within thy leafy bosom, those fair glades
Where oft my boyhood has the day beguiled,
From when the sun dancing amid the twigs
Spangled thy grassy carpet underneath
With golden tiles, until that same bright orb
Sank glowing down and left thee dark and cold,
But lovely still, only the light was gone
That served thy myriad beauties to reveal.
And so I loved thee, as I love thee still,
And stray with pleasure through thy leafy groves,
Or view the landscape from thy rocky top.
But when I gaze upon the bustling streets
And old St. Lawrence rolling grandly by,
My feelings change, my mind is filled with awe,
And admiration takes the place of love.
Four hundred years ago when Cartier came,
And toiling to thy summit graced its crown
With his rude cross, then wert thou consoled;
Beautiful too, wilder perchance than now,
As yet untainted by a city's smoke,
Thy only visitant the hunter red.
Close at thy base betwixt thee and the shore,
Amid a sea of waving maple trees,
The Indian village Hochelaga stood.
This thou hast seen flourish and pass away
And in its ashes rise our city proud
Replacing both the village and the wood.
Oft has thy turf bespattered been with blood

Of Indian murder or of battle fierce
The Lion at thy feet the Lilies crushed
And on thy slope France signed this land away.
Full are thy stones of memories of the past!
And so I stand and wonder at the deeds
Of history which thou dost for me renew
Until a fuller tone swells in my mind.
And, like awaking on a chasm's brink,
I pass beyond the limits of man's past
And look on thine, that vast abyss of years
Through which thy head, once towering far aloft
And tossing molten rock and floods of flame
High into air, has felt the inward fire
Grow weaker with the swift succeeding years;
And, worn by floods and tempest, fire and storm,
Thy crest has lowered till no more thou stand'st
A giant of the earth. They call thee now
Only a hill, whereas thy very height
Proclaims thy former greatness and thine age.
But as to-day hereafter wilt thou stand
Through years to come while still the sun doth shine.
The world of men around thy unheeding feet
Will rise and fall like surges on a beach,
Whilst thou shalt stand in majesty sublime,
Admired and loved by others as by me.

TROJANUS.

SOME ASPECTS OF EDUCATION.

The Annual Lecture delivered to the members of the women's Delta Sigma Society of McGill College, Dec., 1892, by Prof. Chas. E. Moyse.

Reminiscences of my life as a tutor, and school-master have determined me to address you on some aspects of elementary and of advanced education. I hope to make my remarks point towards one centre of thought, expressed by Herbert Spencer in a manner which serves our purpose admirably, because the language used cannot be misunderstood or explained away. It is the language of settled conviction, language so emphatic that it seems to stand out from the rest of the page as if written in capital letters. Herbert Spencer is treating the subject of education, and closes a paragraph in which he attacks the English public schools with the following statement, which covers the ground of wider investigation: "The vital knowledge," he says, "that by which we have risen as a nation to what we are and which now underlies our whole knowledge existence, is a knowledge that has got itself taught in nooks and corners, while the ordained agencies for teaching have been mumbling little else but dead formulas." This accusation is a sweeping one. Do the ordained, in many cases the national agencies for teaching, cling to dead formulas yet? Are our schools and colleges in bondage to the past, or have they awakened to the importance of the present? The educational world has not stood still since those words were written, now between thirty and forty years ago. It has been moving, and moving along the path that Herbert Spencer advocates in obedience to the modern scientific impulse of which his own philosophy is a profound and wide-reaching result. In presence, then, of the countless victories of science which are borne in on us like a grand revelation, we may profitably think about the new life and the new training. We may ask ourselves whether dead formulas were not living formulas once, and whether,

as living formulas, they have not carried men to the highest levels of moral and intellectual and physical achievement. All are agreed that the aim of education is to interpret life, and to enable the individual to live with the greatest possible benefit to himself and his fellows. It is when we ask what is understood by life and what is the relative value of its various aspects that we are met with every shade of opinion. The educational world seems to be divided into hostile camps. There is a conflict between literature and science. As to literature, and its instrument language, the battle between ancient and modern, humorously described by Swift, rages along the whole educational line, and German and French are pitted against Greek and Latin. Even among the sciences themselves all is not peace. The so-called concrete sciences, which have made such remarkable progress in recent years, are striving to diminish the ground long occupied by pure mathematics in the educational world. The outcome of all this turmoil no man can foresee; perhaps discussion will never cease; perhaps, as Sainte Beuve somewhere says, there will come an age when people will write no more.

And now let us turn to some of the ordained agencies for teaching, and see if the results in English, for instance, are what they ought to be. Not long ago the newspapers gave a piece of information which disclosed an extraordinary state of things. Some educational vacancy had to be filled in Ontario, and many of the candidates who applied for it were unable to spell correctly. Of course, severe reflections on the method of teaching English in schools and colleges followed. To the popular mind, Universities are places where the defects of elementary education should be remedied, and scarcely anything more. But they were not remedying these defects. They were allowing men to take a degree without requiring that standard in orthography which schools, even of a low grade, ought to attain and to exact. By some writers comparisons were made between our system and those of other nations. A boy taught at Eton or Rugby was credited with ability to spell English correctly in virtue of his classical training. The attention he had to give to verbal forms and shades of thought, as well as to scholarly translation and to prose and verse composition, was the cause of his being able to write his own language respectably. It was maintained, on the other hand, by those who look on classics with distrust, that the time spent in acquiring a perfectly useless knowledge of Latin and Greek was precisely the root of the whole evil. All the fault findings and attacks, however, seemed to converge in a demand for the teaching of more English composition—too much English composition was impossible.

I repeat that this is an odd state of things and an unpardonable one. That colleges should permit men to graduate who cannot spell words which belong to the ordinary vocabulary of our language admits of no excuse. Bad spelling is the one sure mark of the illiterate. Now and then geniuses spell badly, as a student once reminded me when he was trying to excuse some glaring blunder he had made; but gen-

iuses are not the chief concern of academic legislation. Why colleges do not take a firmer stand in regard to this question might well be asked. The reply would likely be made that the fear of unpopularity and diminished numbers following on increased requirement had induced existing leniency. And, truly, the constant reference made to numbers is wearying; the prominence given to them when higher things ought to be spoken of is undignified. If a University takes care of itself, if it develops its power in the light of all that is best and soundest, guards its intellectual life with jealousy and does not waste it, watches keenly what is taking place elsewhere, and does not languish in an atmosphere that fails to invigorate, the numbers will take care of themselves. Two diametrically opposite causes produce the same result. A degree that is very easy to obtain will be obtained by many—a degree that carries its weight with it, the world over, will be sought by many. But before the first step can be taken towards that degree, the average man should be required to show that he can write his own language intelligently and grammatically. Indeed, the very leniency of which I spoke just now may be due to the feeling that the simple practical use of English is, after all, an affair of the school. And let me add in regard to entrance at college, that one of two courses must be followed strictly. On the one hand, the old custom of the Scotch Universities, of Edinburgh and Glasgow, for example—a custom which they have recently and most wisely forsaken—might be adopted and no entrance examination required, of the general student; or, on the other hand, if an entrance examination is required, there should be no loopholes by means of which ignorance can enter and get itself established on a regular academic footing. Better that a palpably weak portion of the general academic body should be got rid of than that it should depress the vitality of the whole, even though numbers might be diminished for the time or the exceptional cases in which ignorance is not due to inability be left to shift for themselves. What is exacted of the matriculant at present, average ability can soon acquire.

But to return to the lower ordained agencies for teaching—the schools, and to the teaching of English, which belongs to the living formulas of modern systems of education. In some respects old times and old methods, older than many persons imagine, are being reverted to now. In one respect the modern world differs entirely from the intellectual centre of the ancient, so far as education is concerned. A Greek youth was never asked to trouble himself with any language but his own; Egyptian or Thracian did not enter into the Greek curriculum. The languages of barbarians—and barbarians were called barbarians on the ground of speech merely—were left to barbarians. If barbarians wished to hold converse with Greeks, they had to learn sufficient Greek for the purpose. And thus it came to pass that men, who spoke one of the most subtle and powerful tongues which any nation ever used, were not good linguists. At any rate, there is evidence to show that when in the course of history the Greek had to make himself familiar with Latin, he

found great difficulty in doing so. We may perhaps feel inclined to congratulate the Greek because he had nothing to do with foreign languages; we ought certainly to congratulate him in that his language was, as compared with our own, rational in respect of the value of letters or symbols. He had not to wrestle with such old forms as dough, daughter, laughter, hough, tough and trough, spelled as they are with what appears to be a large waste of letters, and hinting to the student of language that they may conceal some important principle of sound-change, into which it is beyond our purpose just now to inquire. They puzzle our own youth, and no doubt they will for the sake of youth be made phonetic before long. The foreigner is pleased to hold them up to ridicule, for they puzzle him still more; yet, if he is inclined to blame us for our spelling, he ought to bless us for giving him rational gender. How many English men who speak French—an irrational language in the same particular as our own—and German, and speak them fluently, have mastered the difficulties of their genders? Our language was phonetic once and, on the whole, uniform in spelling, subsequently it was largely phonetic but not so uniform—hence we meet with the same word spelt in different ways according to the humor of the scribe, still later it became uniform not phonetic. So, that when we advocate phonetic spelling, we are, in reality, advocating an old state of things and not a new one. However, the modern world is unlike the Greek world, as I said a few moments ago. In the modern world the question of modern languages is an eternal question, like the Eastern question in history. How has English stood in regard to it? The answer leads us to record, and a few facts may prove interesting.

Of study in the old purely monastic schools, nothing need be said. Our concern is rather with the old endowed Grammar schools which were intended to educate the children of citizens or townsmen. One of the earliest of the endowed Grammar schools, in England is the Free School at Derby, founded before 1162. Yet it is not with such schools as that of Derby, which, with about twenty others, belongs to the pre-Reformation period, that we have to do. We pass to the post-Reformation Grammar schools, and are watching for the first scholastic mention of the study of English, in order to examine its tenor. It is worth while to notice that before this mention appeared, Greek had found a place in the Grammar-school curriculum. The first teacher to introduce the study of Greek into the English public school was William Lilly, who was made the first head-master of St. Paul's school in London about the year 1510, so that Greek in school life has now a history of nearly four hundred years. Strange enough, the first head-master of the Merchant Taylors School in London, Richard Mulcaster, gives what is perhaps the earliest scholastic reference to the study of English in public schools. He was made head-master in 1561, and published the first part of his *Elementarie* in 1582. In the interval between Lilly and Mulcaster appeared Roger Ascham's *Toxophilus*, a work intended to revive the pursuit of archery then falling into decay. The *Toxophilus* is noteworthy in the history of

English, because in the preface Ascham vindicates his use of English instead of Latin which he might have been expected to employ. Wishing the book to be popular, he had written it in the vulgar tongue, even though his reputation as a learned man might thereby suffer. But this is by no means all. In Ascham's eyes English of and in itself is a good language, demanding care in its use and capable of supplying all that an author needs. This attitude of an exalted professional scholar towards English, when he selected it as the language in which to write a book, is quite worth a passing notice. Before we reach Mulcaster, then, we find Greek introduced into the school curriculum, and also a famous classical scholar looking with favor on the merits of English as a literary language.

(*To be continued.*)

SONG-SILENCE.

A song in my heart is swelling
Thro' stillness of the night;
'Tis only a silent presence,
A voiceless calm delight.

Only a subtle presence,
Yet it soothes me like rich perfume
Scattered from swaying censers
Thro' the chancel's twilight gloom.

I know not whence it cometh
Nor how long it shall abide,
I only know I have it
And care for none beside.

It may be some haunting memory
Time hath not worn away,
An echo of long-lost music
Or some unremembered lay.

I cannot give it utterance
For it has no words nor voice,
But it wells thro' all my being
And beats: "Rejoice! Rejoice!"

And I hush my breath, and listen
To its inward melody
Till peace, like flowing waters,
Steals softly over me.

O blest and gracious silence!
O sweet, unspoken song!
The music of thy presence
Shall haunt my memory long!

And o'er the coming morrow
Its sadness and its glee
Shall hang like a benediction
The peace I caught from thee.

R. McD.

Harvard.

LIFE IN A COLORADO MINING TOWN.

To all Easterners who have never crossed the Great Plains, the West remains a vast region but little known or comprehended, but still ever of intense interest and alluringly romantic with the early history of the Red-men's supremacy and their final subjugation, fraught with many fierce fights, extreme sufferings and heroic deeds, or with the stories of those pioneers who braved

every danger and suffered many vicissitudes in their search for new homes.

The name, the West, to one who has traversed the prairies and lived amidst the solemn grandeur of the Rockies at once recalls to mind enchanting memories of illimitable breezy stretches of plain of richest green or else dull dusty brown,—the glorious sunrises and sunsets across those swelling seas of grass once alive with tribes of merciless Indians, and thundering with the tread of countless hordes of buffalo, elk and antelope,—and of the noble mountains, silent and beautiful, whose rich treasure-houses, men fearless and resolute, are searching out and despoiling, reaping full reward for privations, losses, danger, in the countless wealth here poured out so bounteously. The West has a strong fascination for young men, offering as it does a life of perfect freedom and independence besides endless possibilities for success.

After the completion of a course at McGill the writer spent several years as a mining engineer in one of the most famous, as well as picturesque, mining towns in Colorado, and he has been tempted to write about such a life, giving a short sketch that may be of interest.

The founding of this town was incident to the discoveries near the top of the range, near the present city of Leadville, where issued the tremendous rush of men in 1878-9 where over sixty thousand people crowded into the new city of shanties, and many, unaccustomed to such an altitude, and unable to procure sufficient shelter, died of pneumonia in the streets, while many others were shot and robbed by foot-pads until the Vigilance Committee, the stern and hot salutary force in a new country, gave some members of this predatory profession short shrift and hung them up as a grim warning. In many a Western town the banding together of the firm, resolute, law-respecting citizens as vigilantes has proved a great blessing. They never hesitated in meting out speedy punishment, nor did they make many mistakes, and law and order were established where before had reigned complete lawlessness and desperadoism.

When the limestone strata at Leadville (then known as California Gulch) were discovered in 1878 to be extremely rich in silver and lead, a new and extensive field was opened up to the intrepid prospector and miner, who hitherto had searched only in the granite or volcanic rocks for veins, or in the gravel beds and sand bars for gold. Along the range, then, hurried the excited bands of prospectors, tracing out and testing this new ore zone, while some, still bolder, crossed the continental Divide to the Pacific side, to hunt out and prospect the blue limestone there, entering the country of the warlike Utes who fiercely resented the white man's invasion.

A small band of miners having crossed the range at Independence Pass, and followed down the Roaring Fork of the Grand River, to where the limestone succeeded the granite, they went in to camp one night near the river, cutting out among the small aspen trees room for their tents. At this place was found good indications of silver ore and the first claims were located,

while more men were quickly attracted to the new camp, which soon became known as Aspen. For three or four years no very large ore body was discovered, but in 1884, a man with a lease on a claim with only six weeks remaining before its expiration opened up a wonderfully large body of very rich ore, and in these six weeks took out \$1,100,000 worth of ore. This mine, the "Aspen," has since produced over ten millions, and one of the lucky owners is a Canadian.

In 1888, after encompassing difficulties by triumphs in engineering truly daring and heroic, two railroads reached this now booming mining camp, and shortly after this the writer was thus saved the uncomfortable but exciting ride by stage coach over the Divide from Leadville.

Aspen is now a town, or rather a "mining city," of 11,000 people, possessing all the accessories of a modern city—water-works, electricity, street cars, good hotels, and fine theatre, large public buildings, a goodly number of well-filled churches, large and well equipped schools, while there are many very pretty residences, some beautifully furnished. More mines of great richness have been discovered, and the list is constantly growing until the year's out-put has reached \$10,000,000, making Aspen the greatest silver camp in the world.

It is wrong to believe that in a Western mining town one meets continually with danger and lawlessness, that personal rights are boldly disregarded, while the revolver, or "gun," as it is called, is ever ready and forth coming as a very potent arbiter. The advent of a railroad into nearly every town, bringing a better class of men, has driven away most of that class of wild, reckless fellows, many of them outlaws and criminals, or else has compelled them to be law-abiding citizens, and the "bad-man" business has rather ceased to be tolerated, while the man who has "killed a man" keeps this fact well in the dark as a little affair better concealed than made a boast. Even the willful, fun-loving cowboy with promiscuous shooting predilections, when moved to deeds of daring by the influence of the fiery liquor, now restrains his feelings when he comes into town, or else he is speedily taken in charge by one of the Marshall's emissaries, whose threatening gun, in case of resistance, seldom fails to "round him up" and make him a very meek and docile follower to the local Bastile. Unless one is going back into the lonely parts of the mountains, where any emergency may arise, it is much safer and more comfortable to be quite unarmed, as everyone strictly minding his own affairs will suffer little, if any, molestation.

Life in a mining camp offers many new features and permits many fresh sensations. Every man comes to the mountains confident of winning fortune's smile, eager to follow up every fair opportunity, to bear hardships, if needs be, to win success. Here are graduates from all the great universities, members of old and honored families, men ready to don blue jeans and long boots, to shove a mine car, or handle a drill. Often on stopping at a lonely cabin up in the mountains, one will find men, in rough miner's garb, of rare intelligence and education who are pinning their faith

to a claim they have located and are attempting its development. The life of many of these men is strongly colored with romance, as away back exists some fair one who is eagerly waiting for his good luck to come, and then his return; or often a strong man is struggling to crush out an affection that cannot be returned, or that has been cruelly trifled with. There are many such up among the mountains.

In the towns, drinking and gambling places are many and always open. Stepping into a saloon on a tour to "see the sights," near the door is the bar, at the other end billiard tables, and along the sides tables supplied with stacks of chips and all the paraphernalia for faro, roulette, or poker. Around each table, especially after pay day, is a crowd of men looking on or playing. There is not much noise, as all are intent on the game, except the ceaseless tum-tum of a piano and screech of a violin with which they try to make the place more attractive. Along the same street are variety theatres and dance halls, very ribald and coarse, where Thespis and Terpsichore are sorely degraded and burlesqued, these nightly revels only ending at the glinting of the mountain peaks by rising sun.

The miners themselves as a whole are a fine class of men, many well educated, and everyone of them is living in expectancy of the time when their "strike" will be made.

The social life is always a great surprise to the new-comer on becoming a member of the best social class, as then he finds quite a large circle of very delightful people whose intercourse is always bright and interesting. Social "functions" are frequent and entertaining, and conventionalities are generally carefully observed. At an evening dance or "at home" the men put aside flannel shirts, corduroys and big boots, and appear in irreproachable evening dress, and the ladies look charming in dresses as fine and beautiful as would be seen in the East. But one of the very greatest pleasures is riding. Nearly everyone, perforce, rides, and fine saddle horses with Western saddles and bridles can be got at the stables at reasonable rates, and then such beautiful scenery is seen as different canons are explored, or narrow mountain trails lead the horseman to points of vantage, from where the views are glorious and inspiring. The writer spent many days in the saddle, and with another B.A.Sc., who was well known at College in foot-ball and athletics as well as in the lecture hall, had many a ride, never to be forgotten, when we recalled our College days at McGill or tried to foretell what the West had in store for us both. The mountain streams are very beautiful, the water perfectly clear and sparkling comes dashing down its uneven, tortuous bed whose bottom is covered with pieces of gaily colored rock, the home of the large and gamey mountain trout. The air, dry and bracing, is almost intoxicating as our nimble-footed and speedy horses climb the steep road or go racing away over the more level places. It is hard to conceive of much greater pleasure than these rides among the mountains.

Of course everything in such a town is affected by the mining interests. Some men are reaping bountifully,

while many more are sowing capital, hoping for a good return. Daily all are asking, "Any new strikes?" wondering what claim now unknown or unnoticed will be the next to spring into fame. Here is a place of constant change; what the morrow will bring forth, no one can tell. Men suddenly become rich, while others are forced to give up in despair, having lost their all in an unfortunate venture. Few men have moral strength enough to bear sudden access of great wealth, when a mine begins to pour out riches seemingly without limit. Often some old prospector makes a big "strike" that yields him a hundred thousand or more after many years of rough life and severe toil. He at once becomes known as "major" or "colonel," no longer Pete or Mike; but in many cases he will scatter his money broadcast, and in a few months, only to be poor again, to go on once more with his former hard labor, but quite content, as he has had his "time."

C.

SKATING.

There's much philosophy in skating, sliding,
And playing on the ice at what's called *Hockey*—
Rare game, I like to see a blithe young jockey,
Just out of school, o'er ice triumphant riding;
He's more than paid, though he should get a hiding;
He never thinks of saying "What's o'clock, eh?"
But on he speeds, light-footed as a trochee
In sede tertiâ the verse dividing.

What though he sometimes tumbles? 'tis all one;
He makes the best of what were else but gloom,
And chill, and hardship,—Reader, if your doom
If after life with ills be overrun,
That early knowledge may you wise resume,
Make evils bend, and turn them into fun.

H. M.

PROSE BALLADS.

THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.

(Translated from the French by G. W. M.)

The little Dauphin is sick; the little Dauphin is dying. In all the churches of the Kingdom the Holy Sacrament remains exposed night and day, and the great tapers burn for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the old capital are sad and silent, the bells no longer ring, the carriages pass slowly by. At the outskirts of the palace the curious bourgeois look through the railings upon the porters with gilded paunches who gossip together in the court-yards, with an air of importance.

The whole chateau is in a stir. Chamberlains and major-domos run up and down the marble staircases. The galleries are full of pages and courtiers in silken doublets who pass from one group to another asking in low tones for the latest reports.

On the wide perrons the maids of honor, in tears, exchange low courtesies, wiping their eyes at the same time with daintily embroidered handkerchiefs. In the orangery, a numerous gathering of robed physicians is assembled. They can be seen through the glass windows, shaking their long black sleeves and nodding their periwigs in a most professional manner.

The Governor and the equerry of the little Dauphin pace up and down before the door awaiting the decisions of the Faculty. Scullions pass them by without saluting. The equerry swears like a pagan; the governor recites some verses of Horace. And during all this time over there beside the stables a long plaintive whinnying is heard: it is the sorrow of the little Dauphin whom the grooms have forgotten and who sadly calls before his empty manger. And the king? Where is his Highness the king? The king has locked himself up alone in a room at the other end of the chateau. Royal personages do not care to be seen in tears. For the queen, it is different. Seated at the pillow of the little Dauphin, her fair face is bathed in tears, and she sobs aloud in the presence of all, as a mere draper's wife would do. On his little bed with its lace coverings, whiter than the pillows on which he rests, lies the little Dauphin with closed eyes. They imagine he is asleep; but no, the little Dauphin is not asleep. He turns again to his mother, and seeing her in tears says to her: "Madame La Reine, why are you crying? Do you really think that I am going to die?"

The queen tries to answer him, but sobs prevent her from speaking.

"Do not weep, Madame La Reine. You do not remember that I am the Dauphin, and that Dauphins cannot die in this manner."

The queen sobs more violently, and the little Dauphin commences to feel frightened.

"Holla!" he says. "I do not want death to come and carry me away, and I know the way to prevent him from getting here. Order up immediately forty of the strongest halberdiers to mount guard around our bed! Let a hundred big cannons watch night and day, fuses burning under our windows! and woe to death if he dares to draw near us!"

In order to humor the royal child, the queen gives a sign. Immediately the great cannons are heard rolling in the court-yard; and forty tall pikemen, their halberds in their hands, draw themselves up around the room.

They are old veterans with grizzled mustaches. The little Dauphin claps his hands on seeing them.

He recognizes one of them, and calls him by name.

"Lorrain! Lorrain!"

The weather-beaten old soldier takes a step towards the bed.

"I love you well, my old Lorrain. Show me your big sword. If death wants to take me away, you must kill him, won't you?"

Lorrain answers:

"Yes, Monseigneur," and two great tears roll down his tanned cheeks. At that moment the chaplain approaches the little Dauphin, and showing him a crucifix talks to him a long time in a low voice.

The little Dauphin listens to him with an astonished air; then all at once interrupting:—

"I understand perfectly what you tell me, Monsieur l'Abbé; but, still, could not my little friend Beppo die in my place if I gave him a great deal of money?"

The chaplain continues to talk to him in a low voice,

and the little Dauphin looks more and more astonished.

When the Chaplain has finished, the little Dauphin resumes with a heavy sigh: "All that you have just told me is very sad, Monsieur l'Abbé; but one thing consoles me, that is, that up there, in the Paradise of the Stars, I shall be still the Dauphin. I know that the good God is my cousin, and cannot fail to treat me according to my rank."

Then he adds, turning to his mother:—

"Tell them to bring me my fairest clothes, my doublet of white ermine and my velvet pumps! I want to look well before the angels and to enter paradise in the costume of a Dauphin."

For a third time the Chaplain bends over the little Dauphin and talks to him for a long time in a low voice. In the middle of his discourse the royal child angrily interrupts him:—

"But then," he cries, "to be Dauphin is nothing at all!"

And, not wishing to hear anything further, the little Dauphin turns over towards the wall and weeps bitterly.

ADDRESS TO THE ALPHABET.

Dear friends, although no more a dunce
Than many of my betters,
I'm puzzled to address at once
Ye six and twenty letters.

Perhaps you'll think that may not be
So hard a thing to do,
For what is difficult to me
Is A B C to you.

However, pray dismiss your fears,
Nor fancy you have lost me,
Though many, many bitter tears
Our first acquaintance cost me.

Believe me, till existence ends,
Whatever ills beset you,
My oldest literary friends
I never can forget you.

H. M.

BIBLIOTHECAL.

"My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day;
With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude."

SOUTHEY.

Life in a library is not without its amusing side;—a librarian meets with many "moving incidents," and gathers a many-sided experience, and it would be

interesting to jot down the charming variety of applications that cross his path. A librarian in the United States records that he was once asked for our old-time favorite "Robinson Crusoe" as "Robinson Crucified;" and I can believe it. I will "nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice," but simply recount two or three incidents within my own knowledge.

Whilst serving in a library in this city, I was asked for the works of the Greek philosopher as "*Sofo-kels*," and "The Cruise of the Midge" and "Tom Cringle's Log" (written by Michael Scott), as Sir Walter Scott's novels; one reader returned Thackeray's "Pendennis" as the "*stupidest*" book he had ever read,—indeed, his verdict was that "*it was so stupid, that he could not read it*,"—my reply was, he might depend upon this, that "it was not the fault of the book;"—another client returned a book, after having had it only a few hours, and upon my expressing surprise at his having got through it so quickly, he very gravely furnished as explanation, that "*after reading 60 pages of it I found I had read it before*."

But I can say, with a pardonable pride, that nothing of that sort is the matter with McGill, "*that's all right*;" nevertheless, the bill-of-fare called for, during a day or two, is varied enough, and one may be forgiven if it is now and then a trifle puzzling to find what is asked for; I do not allude to the Grotes and Mommsen, the Beowulfs and Cynewulfs, the Grays and Besseys, the Nicholsons, the Prestwicks, the Tennysons and Wordsworths, the Mills and Hamiltons, the Tacitus and Plinys, almost beyond counting, these pass in review daily as a matter of course; but there is a field beyond all these which is being continually ploughed, let me note a few which have been "modern instances" within the past week:—

The application is generally introduced with a smile and a pleasant "*Can you tell me*."

1. When the book of Exodus was written?
2. What is the origin of minding your P's and Q's?
3. Whence comes the proverb of pouring oil upon troubled waters? etc., etc.

These are easily enough answered, with a little patience, and I venture to subjoin the replies:—

1. A preponderance of evidence is in favor of the year B.C. 1652. Hales places the Exodus B.C. 1648, Usher B.C. 1491, and Bunsen B.C. 1320.

Smith's Dictionary of the Bible.

2. This expression arose from the ancient custom of hanging a slate behind the all-house door, on which was written P or Q, (*i.e.*, *Pint* or *Quart*) against the name of each customer, according to the quantity which he had drunk, and which was not expected to be paid for till the Saturday evening, when the wages were settled.

Notes and Queries, 1st S., Vol. III., p. 357.

3. Dr. Brewer, in speaking of this proverb, refers to the Biblical passage, "*a soft answer turneth away wrath*." It may be found in Plutarch, Aristotle, Pliny's Natural History, Erasmus, Plautus, Bede's Ecclesiastical History, Pennaut, Benjamin Franklin, and so

on, down to the popular novelist Jules Verne in *Dick Sands*.

See Notes and Queries.

But beyond all these, there is an ebb and flow of transient queries, that are

"Like a snow fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever."

e.g., the subject of *Hypnotism* and *Du Chaillu*, which name, by the bye, brings to mind a furore of a short time back, for the writings of the now eclipsed Stanley, and a still more erratic form of application from outsiders, who have been recommended by a friend to ask! "I have been reading lately about the Relief of Lucknow, *can you tell me* the meaning of the name *Jessie*?—and another querist named Jones, who is descended from the old Welsh princes, but as there are several branches of the Jones-es (!) *can I put him on the track* of something to prove his pedigree?"

I desire to put on record my appreciation of the uniform courtesy and politeness of my clients proper—the most complete good-nature reigns:—

Good sense and learning may esteem obtain,
Humor and wit a laugh, if rightly ta'en :
Fair virtue admiration may impart ;
But 'tis *good nature* only wins the heart :
It moulds the body to an easy grace,
And brightens every feature of the face,
It smooths the unpolished tongue with eloquence,
And adds persuasion to the finest sense.

H. M.

BACHELORS.

"Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again?"

"A young man not yet, an elder man not at all," thus wrote the wisest and brightest of mankind. Poor fellow, his philosophy finds little favor in modern days. Indeed, at the present moment, the secular press is raising the hue and cry against the few remaining specimens of bachelors, that most innocent and gentle class of humanity.

It has been proposed with much blowing of trumpets tin[horns, and other instruments for stirring up the mind of the intelligent proletariat, to levy a tax on bachelors, just as the prudent Civic Fathers levy on dogs, goats, and undesirable quadrupeds in general, which it is the policy of civic wisdom to discourage and keep down.

This cry having been taken up, and passed on by various wiseacres about town, doubts are expressed as to whether it may not prevail, several younger celibates have betaken themselves to wedlock, and even some of the elder members of the order appear to falter.

A little reflection might teach these prophets the function of bachelors in the social fabric and the folly of accomplishing their extirpation, as well as the disastrous results which would follow a successful issue to their efforts.

Bachelors—men past twenty-five who seem irresolute

towards assuming the marriage yoke—belong to a high and advanced state of civilization and society.

The *operarii* furnish no examples at all, unless it be an occasional individual, who has been so thoroughly non-suited, and for such good reasons, that his existence as a bachelor possesses no special significance. The *operarii* make a better showing and redeem their credit through an occasional example, whose presence is invariably marked by the possession of fatter bees, swifter steeds and stronger mead than can be found elsewhere in the neighborhood. But not to touch each note in the gamut, the *literarii* develop the bachelor in his full perfection. The clerical side indeed pretend to discern some especial merit of a wholly mysterious nature among the celibates; but let us not stick at this, let us be content with those virtues which are open to the gaze of the world.

The bachelor here is sometimes, though not always, too poor to be otherwise than as he is. More commonly his bachelorhood is a matter of choice, preference or noble resolve. It is a voluntary choosing of the better part, if not half. It notes the high water mark of civilization.

What a delightful man was Hume! how placid, polished and intellectual! How smoothly his prose flows! How gentlemanly! What a mighty mind had Newton! How he grappled with the problems of the universe, and solved them. And, here again, mark the repose, amiability, dignity! Truly, these bachelors were fine fellows! Small wonder that Oxford and Cambridge ordained that their fellows should all be bachelors. Saharissa, too, was equally rigorous, and preferred Civil Bachelors. Another doctor thunders from his vantage point on the importance of wedlock and the wickedness of bachelors in general. Happy prophet; when did ever the people fail to swallow a message which tallied with their own belief and wish? But from what data or through what conceivable stretch of invention are bachelors thus slandered? Who ever heard of a rake remaining a boch? On the contrary, they always marry, fame says with great success, so also do drunkards and other evil members of society.

The inoffensive bachelor, on the other hand, with peaceful serenity and good conscience, continues a triumphant progress through advancing stages of blessedness, undisturbed by domestic trials, and achieves a completeness not attained elsewhere. Let us silence this unseemly parrotting of the voice of the vulgar! Let us give the bachelor his due.

What a lonely life! A single human being steering his way alone through the mysteries of existence; single-handed, alone, complete in himself! Does it not excite our admiration and evoke reverent fear? Yet what solace has he in his solitude? Life presents to him facts quite different than to his harassed, perplexed, domestic brother.

It is something for the human family to now and again produce a complete man, who lives for the sake of existence, without reference to the past, present or future of the race at large.

These things trouble the proletariat not the bachelor.
CAELEBS.

ALL FOR NAUGHT.

She is such a coy though merry
Little maid,
That of men you'd think her very
Much afraid.
But a year ago she doted
On bravados who were noted,
And to wicked ways devoted,
So she said.

There was something so attractive
In a "tough,"
That a man in crime inactive
Was such stuff!
So she laughed at my emotion
When I vowed a life's devotion,—
I had *such* a prudish notion
Of a rough!

So I bought a "Colt's" and dagger,—
Made big bets,
And began to swear and swagger,
Ran up debts,
And I domineered, provoking
By my actions bitter joking,—
And I even took to smoking
Cigarettes.

I was just a mild beginner,
As you see,
For I'd vowed that I would win her,—
But ah, me!
When I went and gently told her
I had changed in growing older,
Her reply was even colder:—
So had she!

E. X.

A NIGHT AT THE THEATRE.

The new year has begun well in McGill. The dying days of the old may record some slight differences and faculty rivalry, but the joyous festive season has ushered in that happy state of affairs which should forever characterize the grand old "Alma Mater." On the evening of Saturday, Jan. 7th, the Queen's Theatre was packed to its utmost capacity by students and friends of the University, the former occupying the galleries, and numbering over 500. The play was "Hamlet," with Wilson Barrett in the title role, Miss Maud Jeffries as "Ophelia," and Mr. Franklin McLeay as the "Ghost." Comment upon the acting can only be in the highest appreciative strain, for indeed the student of Shakespeare could not but be satisfied with Barrett's "Hamlet" and Miss Jeffries' "Ophelia." The balance of the company proved themselves also to be at home in their respective roles. During the performance, loud and prolonged applause was of frequent occurrence. Shortly after seven o'clock the long procession of students was seen wending its way from the University grounds, and ere long the mighty throng densely filled the "gods" allotted to them. Then broke forth chorus after chorus, all of which are held dear by many generations of students. Before the curtain ascended after the fourth act, an imperative demand was made for the appearance of Miss Jeffries, and at the same time, as if by magic, an enormous basket of roses descended

from the "gods." For this the beautiful "Ophelia" charmingly looked up to the sea of faces, then modestly bowing, moved away, the happy recipient of a McGill tribute. This was not all, for, immediately succeeding, cries for Miss Elmore, who sat in the audience, revealed to all that this brilliant young actress had not been forgotten, for in mid-air another floral offering was seen approaching the stage. Upon its arrival, Miss Elmore blushing stood to receive it. The curtain now ascended upon the "grave scene," but one more event had precedence, and loud cries for "Barrett," "Barrett," "Barrett," resulted in the lowering of the curtain and in the appearance of Mr. Barrett, a little too late to see his "box of Havanas" floating towards him, but not too late to carry them off. His appearance was the signal for deafening cheers combined with college yells.

At the conclusion of the performance, the whole audience joined in the applause, and Mr. Barrett appeared to say farewell for the present to Montreal, and in a well timed speech referred to his high appreciation of the students' general behavior.

At the doors of the theatre on St. Catherine St., as the immense audience dispersed, an ever-to-be-remembered scene presented itself—torches flared, rockets shot forth, colored lights burned brightly, students yelled, and students sang, small boys ran, women hurried, policemen hid themselves, cabmen swore, and even the electric cars seemed unable to proceed. The various members of the company were each received in unmistakable terms of genuine enthusiasm. Wilson Barrett first, then Mr. McLeay and Miss Elmore, Miss Jeffries having left earlier in the evening, not being aware of the demonstration that was to follow the performance. Her presence in the carriage was much missed by all. The triumphal procession then proceeded to the Windsor Hotel, where Mr. Barrett addressed the students at some length, jovially remarking that through it all he preserved his box of cigars.

The students' committee, whose energy and self-sacrifice deserve special mention, consisted of Messrs. E. D. Aylen, W. H. Scott, C. Gorrell and H. Yorke.

The singing was entrusted to the management of Mr. Frank Ferron, who chose as soloists Messrs. Kinghorn, Fry, Lambly and Lee. To Mr. Anderson, manager of the Queen's Theatre, and Mr. Rogers, manager for Wilson Barrett, the thanks of all are due for their extreme courtesy and splendid arrangements.

THE NEW MCGILL SONG BOOK.

Mr. Robert Wilson (Medicine), Sec. of the Song Book Committee, reports that the work of revision of the Song Book goes on apace, and that the committee are in hopes of having the New Book out early in the autumn. The idea of a Faculty song has been taken up with such avidity, and the results so gratifying, that it speaks well for the literary ability of our students. Medicine has yet to send in its song, but some rumor has it that though last it will by no means be least in literary merit of songs sent in.

SOCIETIES.

MCGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

A regular meeting of this Society took place on Saturday evening last, January 14th, the President, Mr. T. A. Dewar, in the chair. The minutes of the preceding meeting were read and adopted. Mr. Deeks requested to be relieved of his duties as a member of the programme committee; his resignation was accepted, and Mr. Duvernet elected to fill the vacancy. After some minor business was transacted, the president called upon Mr. S. Ridley McKenzie '93, who had prepared a paper, with case reports, on "Erysipelas." This paper was the first of its character read before the Society during the session, and was heard with due appreciation by all. Mr. R. H. Phillimore of the First year will read at the next meeting of the Society an interesting paper on a case of "Fracture of the Orbit."

DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of this Society was held Thursday, Jan. 12th, and was considered the best and most enjoyable gathering this session. Miss Angus read a bright and interesting essay on "Gems" without going too far into Geological detail. Miss Mackenzie's instructive and feeling essay on "Christmas Legends" was read by Miss Radford, owing to the severe cold of the former.

The meeting closed with an impromptu debate—Resolved, that prizes should be abolished in schools—which caused much merriment owing to its short duration.

MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL.

At a meeting held Jan. 12th, at 8 o'clock, Prof. Mills occupied the chair. Prof. Baker and a large number of members were present. Mr. O. G. Orr read a paper on "Laminitis or Peditis." Having alluded to the history, early ideas of its nature, and other interesting features connected with the disease, the essayist went on to describe the etiology, symptoms, pathology, treatment, etc. He criticized some of the present methods of treatment, showing that they were—from being counter-indicated by pathological lesions. Mr. Cleaves next reported a peculiar case of nervous disorder in a dog. Both papers were thoroughly discussed. The question of metastasis in connection with laminitis received considerable attention, nearly all the members favored a nervous explanation and not the theory that it was transferred from one organ to another by continuity of surface. Prof. Baker thought that laminitis was a primary lesion, stating that it exists from the first, but frequently overlooked, because at onset the general symptoms overshadow the local, and lead us to neglect examining the feet until onset of pathognomic symptoms. Meeting then adjourned.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY.

At a meeting presided over by the President on Jan. 10th, Mr. Tracy read a paper entitled, "How do animals reason?" He gave a comparative sketch of animal psychology, pointing out, among other things, the physiological behavior of an organism, how it modified, and how it was modified, by its psychical development. The influence of repetition and the extent that it influenced the actions of all animals was touched upon. Mr. Stephens followed with a paper on the psychology of cats. He considered that this animal possesses all the adenda that constitutes an individual, and that his present despised condition is due to that fact. Many purely feline traits of character were enumerated by the essayist, in such a manner that he captivated not only the attention but the applause of the members present. It is seldom that the Society is entertained by such a happy combination of sentiment, poetry and wit that characterized Mr. Stephens' essay. The President was lavish in his praise of Mr. Tracy's production, and after a short address adjourned the meeting.

FOURTH YEAR ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The members of the Fourth Year Applied Science, thinking that their mutual improvement would be better advanced by forming themselves into a society for the reading and discussion of papers on practical subjects, held a meeting to discuss the matter towards the close of last term, the tangible result of which is the Fourth Year Engineering Society, with the following officers:—

President—Mr. Louis Herdt.
Vice-President—Mr. L. L. Street.
Sec. Treas.—Mr. J. H. Featherstone.

The Society, which meets every alternate Tuesday, held its first meeting in the old East Wing on the 9th inst., when the constitution was adopted and an excellent paper read by Mr. L. Greenberg on the subject of "Asphalt Pavements."

If every paper read proves as instructive as that of Mr. Greenberg, the Society will have accomplished the purpose for which it was organized.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

During X'mas Holidays, a number of our members spent a social evening at the residence of Dr. F. W. Kelley, whose hearty hospitality is well known to College men, and the pleasant time will be remembered by those present who were unable to get home for Christmas week. The ladies were certainly a pleasing feature of the evening, and added much to the enjoyment and profit of the occasion.

The meetings of the Association were resumed on Sunday, Jan. 8th. The Committee are planning to make each meeting attractive and of practical value to student life.

Dr. W. F. Hamilton, Supt. General Hospital, will address the meeting on Jan. 22nd; there should be a large attendance on that date.

At the Provincial Convention Jan. 26-29, in this city, special College Conferences will be held as follows:—

FRIDAY Afternoon and evening.

SATURDAY—Afternoon.

As these Conferences are entirely open, our members should avail themselves of the opportunity of being present. Representatives from many Canadian colleges will be delegates, among whom may be named Dr. W. Harley Smith of Toronto, and E. L. Hunt, M.A.

The sessions will be held in the City Young Men's Christian Association.

The presence in the city of Mr. J. R. Mott, College Secretary, will afford an opportunity for students to hear "a man among men."

A special meeting on Sunday, Jan. 29th, will be arranged for and advertised. McGill should be there *to a man*.

MCGILL MINING SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the McGill Mining Society was held in the old Science Building, on Thursday evening the 12th inst.

A very interesting paper, entitled "Life Underground," was read by Dr. Harrington, the Honorary President. The Doctor took up the history of the English and Scotch miners for the last century, mining accidents and the general health of miners.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Dr. Harrington by the meeting, and the hope expressed that he would often be able to attend the meetings of the Society. After a few remarks by the President, the meeting adjourned.

SPORTING COLUMN.

HOCKEY.

The first match in the Intermediate Championship series took place on Thursday evening last, January 12th, in the Crystal Rink, between the Montreal and University teams.

Good hockey was shown, as a general thing, throughout the evening, although in the second half there was a noticeable tendency to "ragged" play.

For the college, Lewis was a stone wall in goal, and Smythe and Dawes showed up well among the forwards.

Taken all in all, the Montreal men were just a little too much for our men, although this was not made apparent, to judge by the score, until the second half, the score standing at the end of the first half hour's play 3-2 in Montreal's favor; to this score Montreal added another two games in the second half.

Following were the teams:—

McGill		Montreal.	
Lewis.....	Goal.....	Shaw	
Schwartz.....	Point.....	C. Mussen	
Bickerdike.....	Cover Point.....	James	
Beckett.....	} Forwards. }	A. Mussen	
Dawes.....		Routh	
Massey.....		Wand	
Smythe.....		Barlow	

The next match will be against Sherbrooke on our own ice. The Sherbrooke men will doubtless have on a strong combination, and to meet in a successful manner the team that so nearly won the Intermediate last year will require hard practice and lots of it.

Faculty Reports.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

Prof. Bovey has issued a pamphlet on Hydraulic Motors for the convenience of his hydraulic class.

Prof.—"What spare hour have you, so that we can arrange for another lecture on this subject?"

Overworked Senior.—"I think we could come up on Sunday, sir."

NOT THE CRACK O'DOOM.

What is that wild, unearthly sound

That seems as 'twere creation's knell?

It is the college boys. They've found

A new and most heartrending yell.

The character of the designs required from the senior civils this term would render opportune a sermon on the evils of profanity, as the task assigned these gentlemen promises to be more prolific of the above sin than anything we know of.

Speaking of vocations, mining is the only one which a man hopes that his work will be in "*vein*."

It is to be hoped that the Freshmen will give more hearty support to the Glee Club in future than they have as yet; every year must turn out well to the practices if our ventures this year are to prove successful.

The new Sulphuretted Hydrogen generator is proving a great success. During the time it was running last session only one-half a liter of acid was required, although it was very frequently in use. Instructor showing the apparatus—"It's running well!" Professor—"Yes! It has the right smell."

The Third year Chemists are working in the Fourth year Laboratory this session, and are delighted with the change. It was found very difficult for them to do careful quantitative analysis in the Laboratory they have just left, on account of the large number of students engaged in qualitative work and the presence of a good many Freshmen. It is to be regretted that we have not proper accommodation for the Freshmen in a large, well lighted Laboratory, but under the present condition of things this is impossible, and the number of men far exceeds the capacity of the room. The demonstrator has been obliged to make two divisions of the class, and even under this arrangement men who perhaps never handled chemical apparatus before are placed in the same room with those who are working with over two years experience, and who require the room free from dust, the benches clean and as little noise as possible.

The Third year Electricals are doubly fortunate this term, F. Barbour being a welcome addition to their number, and C. H. Longworth having returned quite recovered from his serious illness.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

The naturalist, the philosopher, even the lawyer, find many delicate things in nature to cherish and admire, and standing forth pre-eminent among these, at least in our estimation, is the beautiful confiding faith with which the students of this as of other faculties hear and receive in fortnightly instalments, the good things their duly appointed and devoted delegates have to furnish them with. It must be remembered in this connection that their task is a delicate one and one entirely self-imposed, so that any deficiencies which may occur or any items that, perhaps by being carelessly written, may offend the sensibilities of any or all of the students, must be overlooked, if possible, by such gentlemen, and an apology be accepted without a formal tendering of the same on the part of their editor.

To a very great extent, the aim and intention of the legal column is mainly to please, and if any more serious end is attained or information conveyed, so much the better, and our labors will not have been in vain.

If possible, however, the contributions should emanate from all the members of the Faculty through the medium of their class-reporter, and in this way the onus would perhaps be shifted and the responsibility of contribution would be more generally distributed.

Query: Is that unanimous vote of censure, duly recorded, we believe, by the Secretary, to bear fruit, or must resort be had to the method suggested by the C.P.C.? *quo warranto*, etc.!!

Counsel.—Did you observe anything particular about the prisoner?

Witness.—Yes, his whiskers.

Counsel.—And what was there peculiar about his whiskers?

Witness.—Why, he had none.

A writ of attachment.—A love letter.

Judge.—Have you anything to say before the Court passes sentence on you?

Prisoner.—Well, all I have got to say is, I hope your Honor'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer and let me off easy.

Lawyer.—Do you swear positively, sir, that you know more than half this jury?

Witness.—Yes, sir; and now that I have taken a good look at them, I'll swear that I know more than all of'em put together.

The following is the story of a pick-pocket's arrest, as narrated by himself in the London slang of the criminal classes: "I was jogging down a blooming

slum in the Chapel when I butted a reeler, who was sporting a red slang (watch guard)

"I broke off his jerry and boned the clock which was a red (gold) one, but I was spotted by a copper, who claimed me. I was lugged before the beak who gave me six toss in the steel.

"The week after I was chucked up I did a snatch near St. Paul's, was collared, lagged, and got this bit of seven stretch (years)."

ARTS.

At the end of last term Dr. Eaton kindly offered his services, as instructor, to such students as might be desirous of forming a classical society. The project was eagerly welcomed; and those interested have recently held a meeting and appointed a committee of three men from each year, to draw up a constitution. The meetings will likely be held fortnightly; and considerable attention will probably be given to the Latin comedies and the lighter works of classical literature not embraced by the course.

Mr. Deeks has received a letter from Sir William, conveying greetings of the New Year to himself and his class. The Principal states his intention to return before the close of the session. It is almost as superfluous to note that he retains his wonted zeal for geological study as to remark that he is still mindful of McGill; and the Museum receives continual accessions from him.

The Third year, on whom the duty of taking action devolves, have decided to hold the annual (as we may now call it) Arts Tramp on the evening of Saturday, February 1st. Dinner will be provided at the Athletic Club House, and a programme will be prepared. Tickets may be obtained from Messrs. Fraser, Barlow, and Ogilvie, the members of the committee.

It will not be difficult to assign the following illustration to its author. An ambitious junior inquired of his professor if two exemptions would be granted him in virtue of his taking two honor courses. The student was informed that he was like an Irishman who had heard of a new stove which saved half the fuel. "Sure," said Pat, "Oi'll git two o' thim stoves and save all the fuel."

"A self-made man, a man of worth,
My friend," so runs the *bon mot*,
"From what I hear about your birth,
You are a *novos homo*."

The Doctor smiled.—"Excuse me, pray,
How did you get that notion?
A *novos homo*, did you say?
Why, I'm a *Nova Scotian*."

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS REPORTS.

Mr. W. S. Plaskett has been elected valedictorian for class of '93.

Dr. Charlie (to 3rd year man) "Tell Frank to hitch up my grey mare."

3rd year man (to 2nd year man) "Tell Frank to hitch up my grey mare."

2nd (to Freshie) "Tell Frank to hitch Charlie's mare."

Freshie (to Frank) "Dr. Charlie wants his mare hitched up."

Frank (to John I) "John, hitch Dr. McEachran's mare."

John I (to John II), "Hitch up the Dr's. mare."

John II kicks Jack out of the stable and hitches up the grey mare.

The reading room committee wish to notify subscribers and others whom it may concern, that the reading room is for the exclusive purpose of perusing the newspapers and periodicals on file.

Pedestrianism may be a healthy exercise, but when carried too far becomes anything but invigorating. A member of the Second year recently investigated the matter, and can give pointers to anyone who intends taking up walking for the health or otherwise.

Bruce Anderson, one of the popular young men of the Veterinary college, has been confined to his house since the holidays with laryngitis.

DONALDA NEWS.

Miss Martha L. Seymour has been elected by her fellow-students to represent Arts '93 as valedictorian at the coming Convocation.

Frequenter of the Reading-room are requested to commit the following lines to memory, with special attention to the first class described. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be, for loan often loses both itself and friend, and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

Hamlet.

The Sophomores lunch together in the reading-room on Friday afternoon, January the 20th. Representatives have been invited from the several years. Miss F. Angus has been chosen from the Seniors to attend the "festive board."

"Never too late to mend." How about 10 a.m. on Monday, Seniors?

There will be several songs submitted by Graduates and Undergraduates of the ladies' department, for the choice of one especially suitable for entrance into the New Song Book as a "Donalda Song."

Several members of the First year have been excused from attendance at the supplemental examinations. It was felt that it would be advisable for them to concentrate their energies upon the spring examination, this being regarded as an entrance into the Second year. We wish them success.

Professor.—“Multorum amnium fontes sunt parvi.” Students translates. “The sources of many minds are small.”

It is becoming an exciting question among members of the Fourth year whether the University “Pin” will appear before the University “Song Book,” or vice versa.

We would like to wear our pin as students.

Perhaps an extra ten cents would hasten matters.

Juniors lament that the examiner in mechanics did not accept the minding of our P's and Q's as an equivalent for a “tension.”

Bivalve! Saturday 9.30 a. m., a feast of oysters and a flow of souls.

10.30 a. m. Donald! Did you say every oyster had sixteen shells?

MEDICAL CLASS REPORTS.

The whole four years extend their hearty congratulations to Dr. Birkett on his narrow escape.

* *

We all deeply sympathize with Dr. Shepherd in his sad bereavement.

* *

At a meeting of the Fourth year men, Mr. W. E. Deeks, B.A., was elected valedictorian for the year 1893. His opponent was Mr. Robert Wilson, jun. Mr. Deeks, in a neat little speech, thanked his fellow-students for the honor which they had conferred upon him.

* *

The class photo has raised an endless discussion. Who are to occupy the two central positions? It would seem that the Valedictorian and the President of the year are entitled to the place of honor.

* *

The opening of the new wing has proved an immense improvement. The system of holding clinics in the wards was greatly to be deprecated.

* *

The Fourth year men are all agreed that Dr. C. F. Martin is one of the most genial and obliging of house surgeons. If anyone is in doubt, or requires information respecting the identity of a certain bacillus, the question is invariably asked: “Where is Dr. Martin?”

* *

In a recent number of *The Critic* a valuable article appears from the pen of Professor Adami. It is entitled “Eliot's Bible at Cambridge University.” The volume is the first translation of the Scriptures into the Indian language, and appears to have been lost for a great number of years. It has been unearthed from

amid a pile of ancient tomes in Jesus College by Professor Adami, and is valued at \$3,500. According to Dr. Adami, the title-page of the New Testament is in the Indian language, and is dated 1661. It is succeeded by Eliot's metrical translation of the Psalms, following upon which is a single leaf beginning “Noowomoo Wnttin—Noowaonk God;” and ending, “Kah netat up labutlantamoe kesuk. FINIS.” The Indian is a very pretty language. It appears to be a kind of cross between the Gaelic and the Welsh.

* *

We are happy to see that Dr. Henderson is around again. He is shaking hands with Dr. R. Tait Mackenzie. They are both authorities upon typhoid.

* *

The following has been received from “Susan Brent:”—

“Freshmen! beware! The great work of Epitaphs has been resurrected again, and this looks like a big plucking in the Spring. “It is well known that over every “Med.” who is “pulled” in Botany some kind friends write a few words in kind remembrance. These are all preserved in this celebrated volume. The writer happened to be fortunate enough to see the book in question, and also to get a peep at the last page. Thereon was written:—

“Here lies, alas! a first year Med,
With fragrant flowers around his head;
His *pen* its task would not fulfill,
And now un-hallow-ed rests he still!”

It has been suggested that alcohol thermometers be placed in the dissecting room, as the mercury will likely collapse under the strain of the continued cold snap.

The moral training imparted in the histological laboratory is unique.

Dispose of your expensive but practically useless instruments to your “*Friends*,” and with the profits buy the cheaper and more useful ones—such was the advice most affably insinuated.

We notice that many of our Freshmen friends, who have been in the habit of inspecting public buildings by the tender light of the moon, have enrolled themselves under the banner of the “Knights of the burning lamp.” Adieu, fair youths, your departure dims the lustre of St. Catherine st., the disconsolate beauty of St. Lawrence Main must now sigh in vain for those genial smiles. Yet bear up under the black shadow of fate and hope for a better time.

Quite a number of the Second year men are planning the purchase of Laryngoscopes. Ascheme is already on foot to send to Germany should the supply in the city prove insufficient.

Professor to Student who has been giving some rather wild answers: “Now, Mr.—, I should like too ask you at how much you value all this at examination standard?” Student: “I think I would be satisfied with seventy-five per cent.” Collapse of the Prof.

Donnez-moi une chique de tabac, mon ami.

PERSONALS.

F. H. Graham, '94, has recovered his health, and will soon return to College.

James Taylor, B.A. '92, is in the mission field at Louris, Man.

W. T. D. Moss, B.A. '90, has recovered from his severe attack of typhoid, and returned to prosecute his studies in Theology.

R. MacDougall, B.A. '90, visited McGill during the holidays. He is greatly pleased with Harvard, where he found another McGill man, Sidney Calvert, B.Sc.

A Successful Grad.—Mr. S. Fortier, '86, a native of this province, has recently been appointed professor of civil and hydraulic engineering in the Utah Territorial College. Mr. F. has been for three years chief engineer of the B. R. Waterworks & Irrigation Co., and for nearly two years has had charge of one of the largest irrigating schemes in America.

He will make for the College a complete survey of all the water in the Territory. This is something which has never been done, and will be of great benefit to the territory, especially when done as correctly as it will be by Mr. Fortier.

Mr. A. S. Dawson, who has been employed on the engineering staff of the C.P.R. during the past season, was in town during the holidays. Scott spent three successful years with us, and intends to return to college next session.

The Dinner will be held in the Windsor Hotel on January 27th. The committee has spared no pains to render it a success, and it promises to be more largely attended than usual.

We are more than interested in learning that W. Smail, Sc '90, has taken unto himself a better-half. Perhaps the best we can wish for them both is that they may ever be as popular with each other as Billy was with his fellow-students at McGill.

P. J. LeRossignol, Sc.'92, has recently left the city for Radnor Forges, Que., where for the present he takes a position as chemist in the Iron Smelting Works. His chief duty will be the analysis of iron ores.

BETWEEN THE LECTURES.

A question for Chemists :—

Could a man found lying in the street under the influence of liquor be rightly termed an alcoholic precipitate?

Clinician in cardiac case—"You can also hear a musical murmur at the apex"—at this moment an organ grinder outside starts up "Spring, Spring, Beau-

tiful Spring." The laugh that this naturally called forth soon faded away into thoughtfulness when that vernal season was brought to memory.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk of the Court.

"An' sure now," says Pat, "what are you put there but to find out?"

Counter-irritation in form of sole leather poultice applied to the gluteal region in heroic doses at short intervals.

Can a tumor on the front of the Patella be any other than a Kneecoplasm?

Teacher, to infant class in Sunday-school—"What is promised to the righteous?"

Child: "Eternal bliss, marm."

Teacher—"And to the wicked?"

Voice from bottom of class—"Eternal blister."
(There was one penny less put on the plate that day.

This is the way a Vassar girl tells a joke: "Oh, girls, I heard just the best thing to-day, it was too funny. I can't remember how it came about, but one of the girls said to Prof. Mitchell—Oh, dear, I can't remember what she said, but Prof. Mitchell's answer was just too funny for any use; I forget just exactly what he said, but it was just too good for anything."

Temperance Orator.—"Who have red eyes? Who—"

Bobby (just from the circus)—"I know, Albinos."

"Do you own that dog?" asked Billy Bliven
"Ya-a-s," replied Gus de Jay.

"Will he mind you?"

"Oh I nevah try to boss him! I just own him."

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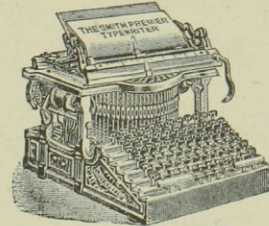
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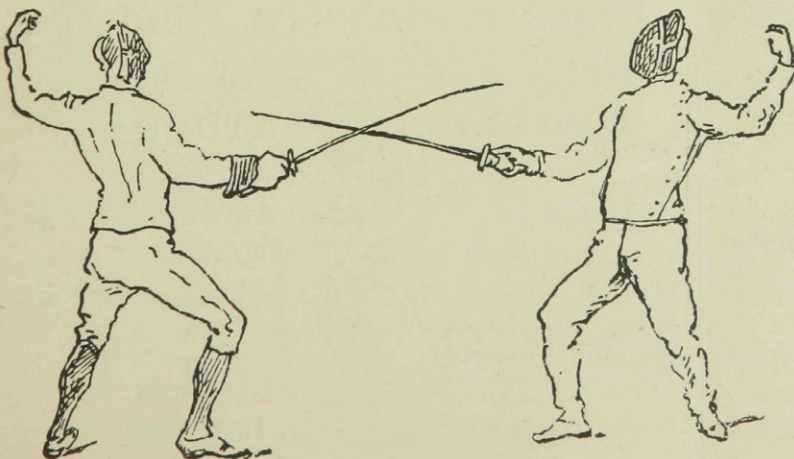
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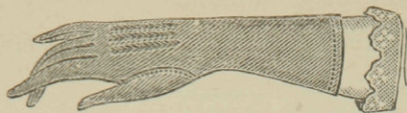
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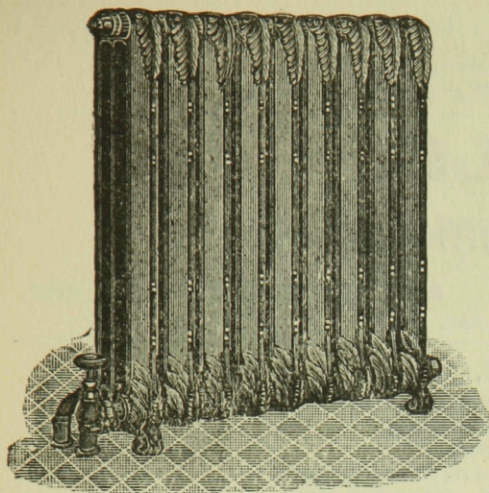
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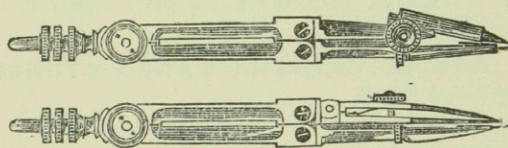
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